

The Nuptials of Mr. Oliver Greenwood and Miss Sparling.

MARRIED—"Tuesday last, at Kirby-le-Soken, by the Rev. W. Coxhead, Oliver Greenwood, Esq., of Langley, near Halstead, to Jane Agnes, youngest daughter of the late William Sparling, Esq. solicitor, of Colchester."—Ipswich Express, August 27, 1844.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO CHARLES CLARK.

GOOD morning, dear Sir, I believe I'm your debtor
For a well-wishing, kind, and poetical Letter,—
An EPITHALAMIUM of musical measure,
The perusal of which gave me infinite pleasure.
Allow me to thank you—which I do with sincerity,
And so does my *wife*, Sir,—with parallel verity.
May the prayers of true friendship, so candidly given,
Be fully wrought out, 'neath the blessing of Heaven!
And may they *return*, with a dove-pinion'd lightness,
To shed round *your* pathway a halo of brightness!
—For a number of years I have falter'd and tarried,
But I've done it *at last*, Sir,—I've been and got MARRIED!
'Tis pleasant, I'm told, Sir, to get thus entangled
In Hymen's silk meshes, like a fish neatly angled;
To find oneself hook'd by the gills, like a salmon,
Or hung up to dry, like a huge piece of gammon!
But I can't say, at present—I've not had much practice,
Though I dare say *you* know, very well, what the *fact* is!
I think, when the match is well made and assorted,
There's every chance of one's being *transported*!
That is, when a man has a nice little wife, Sir,
I guess that he's fix'd, and transported for life, Sir:
I don't mean to say that he's chain'd like a felon,
And sent o'er the sea with the deuce of a smell on,
Which makes the poor biped as "sick as a beer-tap,"
And from the heart's fountains doth many a tear tap;—
No, no, Sir,—the man who has *prudently* wedded
Will find that in roses and joys he's embedded!
Or, like a green fly—(a comparison funny)—
He'll find that he's up to his chin in new honey!
Of course, all this is while the honeymoon's shining,
These roses and joys, that so check all repining;
When *that's* over, I dare say, there's sorrow and trouble,
And he wishes enough that he'd never grown double!
He'll be just like the fly, who was happy as thought, Sir,
Till he tried to take wing, and then—he was caught, Sir!
It's of no use, his buzzing and scolding and kicking,
To his legs and his wings the new honey is *sticking*!
No more, oh! no more can he flutter and hummer,
Or flirt with the Lady-flies, through the bright summer;
He has rush'd—like a blind and impetuous rider—
Slap into the soft silken web of a spider!
Poor thing! how he's riggling and skriggling and dangling,
Just like a sad worm on the hook, when you're angling!
—Ah! here comes the "rub,"—and it's one that much
rankles—
We must leave off admiring the beautiful ankles!
If a laughing blue eye should but beam on us brightly,
Or a fairy white hand touch us ever so lightly,
We mustn't feel *rapture*,—"cos" it wouldn't be graceful;
But look very glum, and of *care* have a face full!
If we see a ripe lip with a summer smile beaming,
Or snowy white shoulders through golden hair gleaming;
If we see a fair bosom, Sir, thrill'd with emotion,
And throbbing with beauty, like an untroubled ocean,
We must mind what we're at; or, by the measure of Moses!
We shall find that we've placed on the grindstone our noses!
And our good Ladywife, Sir, will give them a doing,
And spoil our nice "beaks" soon for billing and cooing:
Yes, she'll grind, Sir, and grind, till she's not left a particle
Of skin on our once much-admired *leading article*!
—To be serious though, I believe it's a blessing
To have a good wife, who is kind and caressing;—
Who will comfort and soothe when the world has been
cruel,
And when you've a cold, Sir, will make you some gruel!
—Well, I'm getting, I see, to the end of my paper,
So I'll look for some wax, and a nice little taper,
Werewith to shut out from the eyes of Jim Graham
These crooked ideas,—he's quite welcome to *weigh* 'em!
But I cannot conclude, Sir, without repetition
Of my unfeign'd thanks, for your kind recognition.—
May ev'ry good thing which you've pray'd may be our's
Fall in blessings on *you*, like the dew upon flowers!—
Now, Sir, I will finish,—and I wish that our *Queen* would!
I am your's very truly, Sir,—

OLIVER GREENWOOD.

LANGLEY, NEAR HALSTEAD, ESSEX,
AUGUST 28, 1844.